THE FASHIONS.

MID-WINTER STYLES.

The Empire Bonnet-Clenks and Furs-Dress Goods-Modes-Evening Dresses

Hend-Dresses. The New-Year came in, not reyally, with most lachrymese and dismal of moods; the festal First of January looking damp contempt on the gay drawingrooms and fleecy testets displayed in its honor. Th round of days since then has been hardly more cheerful. Oray skies and chilly rains, sharp sleet and an occasional petulance of snow on the part of this eldest daughter of the year have tempted to inglorious ease in the artificial Summer of the drawing-room. The Amazons who walk every day, and defy the treacherous and immitigable horrors of our streets, come home, indeed, with chilly feet, and noses blushing celestial rosy red, but elate with the fine intoxication which deep draughts of exygen induce.

Dear, wise virgins, who thus keep your lamp of health trimmed and burning, this daily outdoor season is excellent, even though your peripatetic school of philos phy be not of the highest, and you lounge dow Broadway only to be seen and to meet the bodies comin' frae the town. Nature's remances are a great deal better than Mrs. Henry Wood's, and gathering new forces from the vital air a wiser occupation that making crochet slippers and vases called Decalcomanie But why will you put Folly's cap on Wisdom's head, and take that uninviting premenade in purple and fine lines with rings on your fingers and bells on your toes?

Does nobody read THE TRIBUNE, or is that proph not without honor save in his own country? Line up Hnc, precept upon precept, here a little, and there a little, have we insisted that the first law of good taste is fitness. Lacking that, silk of Shiraz seems but du of hoe, and diamonds lose their luster. Of thirty women whom one shall meet on Broadway, to-day, not one w well dressed. This pearl-colored poplin, with its profuse trimmings, this silk with the blue of Heaven esught in its shining web, this gorgeous fabric wherei the invisible spirit of wine sits imprisoned, these moire-antiques whose tender green is like the meadow mosses, these countless robes of black, plainer only color, and enhanced in cost by garniture of jet, and steel, and velvet-why, these are toilets for Compeligne, or Sandringham House.

Ot Mesdames, you make the artistic heart ache While we experience a January thaw, what do you with your best apparel on? You point friumphantly to the pretty festoons of your drapery and the guy petilcoat. But a passing omnibus will spatter you, and Celtic hand-maid, dragging foul skirts, brushes by you and on the unjust. Then you go home in an omnibus, your dainty skirts sweeping against the vile steps, and to the same consideration at the hands of the stage stome ground from the pavements by ponderous wheels, all the air, sift into your dresses, and cannot be ex-

Crosus would not sequit you of this vulgar waste. You may afford to dissolve pearls for your wine cup. but if you do it, you are Vandals; and you may offer to destroy your wardrobe for a whim, but if you do it while barefooted babies sweep the snowy crossings, and implore you for the penny you find it too much brouble to bestow, you win a shining rank among that

the additional dress which is fit only for walking, is find it Wisdom's chief thoroughfare. parily set aside by the consideration that the skirt is so In thort, and narrow as to require but little material, and partly by the fact that its patient merit takes all the there is infinite variety. The old fashion of dresses in

faint and far off prophecies of the banishment of hoops, which have so long floated in the fushionable sir, n but, in the same breath, "from the body of contracthan ever, the costliest materials being made thus. And it is said that the lovely Empress grows stout, and will not relinquish the arbitary hoop, which, if i toes not improve ugly figures, at least forbids beautiful ones to assert their superiority.

With the short dresses the question of booting be comes important. In the street, plain black kid boots, for the feet. Nothing is more unbecoming, or unfit gled, and has rightful place only on a slipper, where it covers the sharp juncture of the shoe with the stocking For full dress, boots of the exact shade of the robe and white satin gaiters of a new design are worn The latter have, with the trim compactness of a boot, the appearance of a slipper, which is so universally un becoming. By a quilling of ribbon, and an ingenious arrangement of clocked silk over a rose-colored lining, the shape of the slipper and the tint of the silken-hosed and dainty foot are secured. For \$20, and the contingency of a possible pinching, from which the flesh would shrink were it not upborne by the triumphant spirit,

"Her feet beneath her petticost,
Like little mice steal in, and out.
As if they feared the light." It is rumored that the

EMPIRE BONNET has had its brief day. It is so rigid and so unbecoming

trying to the face." Bonnets are smaller than ever; hind, fall from the Swiss ceinture. gay motes that people the sunbeams;" a costly con-The New-Year came III. How the feelal First Peacock's feathers tipped with gold, bullion fringe gold. bandlets still remain in favor. Bright ribbons are

> weather. The Paletot is still the favorite style. For rance and bad taste. eglige, and in heavy materials the French sacque is the white Yak fringe, or a broad apron ornamented with satin folds, and a full of fringe with silver pendants, ooking at night like a shimmer of dewdrops.

novelty what it can find only in fitness and elegance.

FURS

have become so expensive that possibly by reason of their costliness, sable and mink muffs are superseded by those of astrakhan, of velvet, trimmed to match the walking suit, and, in mourning, of crèpe, bembazine, and crecheted worsted, black, white and purple. Some of these are exceedingly pretty, and as they can be made a ome, might be a charming economy., They are greatly referable to the coarser fors, because they are genuine, not pretending to be better than they are. The dark furs command so factitions a price that ermine, long eccounted the royal wear, can be bought for very much ess than a good set of mink. Its delicacy, however, nakes it useless except for full toilette, and it is not a wise purchase unless one has a serviceable suit of mink or sable. Ermine, with neglige attire, is like diamonds on ungloved hands, or bracelets at breakfast.

There will be no new materials in DLESS GOODS

until the delicate-footed Spring ordains a flush of leaving a fatal stain upon your shining robes, and the primrose color, pink, and blue, and emerald, in dainty melting enow above the caves drops alike on the just- prints and muslins, behind the plate-glass of the Broadway windows. The shopkeepers, ignoring those fine instincts of our fallen natures which induce us to desire resting, perchance, on the unworthy knees of an itin- the lovilest fabrics at the most reasonable prices, ex arant vender of old clothes, whose ten cents entitle him press their avarice in such frightful numerals as forbit all but prodigals to buy. A silk at less than \$3 a yard sempany with yourselves, or President Johnson. If the is hardly worth the added expense of making, and streets be not wet, they are dusty; for New-York modest merit feels that those shining robes at \$6, are has no knowledge of that nautical experience described not at all too good for it. But if we send money to se "between wind and water." Then the impalpable France in this reckless fashion, it needs no ghost come from the grave to tell us that the National Poor-house will be the impecunious result of our Republican experiment. In Paris, Monsieur Dupin, Procureur-Gen-Excellent daughters of the Republic, the wealth of eral, from his place in the Senate, denounces "the un bridled luxury of women." It is plain to see, he thinks, that both manners and morals are becoming corrupted The aristocratic world vies with the demi-monde in to passion for tasteless and bizarre displays. Private fortunes cannot meet the demand upon them, and genteel swindling supplies their lack. Family life becomes impossible, and the parental relation is but a name. large and lovable class of our fellow-beings called And he implores rich and reputable matrons to form leagues, in the name of Sweet Simplicity, and save the For the street, and especially such streets, and in nation from disgraceful bankruptcy of money and such a climate as ours, plain, serviceable fabries of wool are the only wear. They are so pretty, now, as to satisby taste as well as good sense. Stout waterproof-the afford-does not look abroad for fabries which she can beavy French linsey, rich Empress cloth, and Lopin's make as cheaply, if not as daintly at home. At a breakfast recently given at Compègne to a distin' the best materials, and all for the excellent service they guished American, it is said that the Empress, either as tender, are economical in the end, though costly at first. a pretty whim, or in compliment to the simplicity of The French Indies, tired of pins, which tear the dress, American ideas—alas, not of American usage—were a and strings which untile, or are never in the right place. plain dress of linsey-woolsey, with linen collar and and pages which wrinkle and injure the skirt, and all ours. It is further asserted that, whether a convert to sther known means of clevating their drapery, have the fierce Dupin, or driven to severity as the only but abandoned all alike, and substitute a distinct dress wark of exclusiveness, the beautiful Eugénie ordains for out-door wear, whose festoons and sashes are the most rigid simplicity in her artistic toilette. Dear news on the petticoat, and can by no chance be dis- Democrats, who follow Royalty through so many de stranged. The objection of the expense involved in vious ways, do take this phenomenal straight-path, and

spurss of the unworthy streets, to the great gain of two colors is revived. A robe of black silk is looped up coeffice apparel. The petticoat, not quite four yards on one or both sides with a rich array of cords and tase skeped at least six inches above the hem of the pettiboat. The cost of the suit, in wide material, would, bow at the throat, match this lower skirt in lue. A therefore, be but trifling, and the saving of time, and costly green silk has an over-dress of black falling be brouble, and temper, involved in the daily festooning of low the knee, and looped with sashes of green. A columnious folds on a base not half wide enough to re- closely-fitting waistcoat of green and a jounty black seive them, a relief for which the sex will be grateful, open jacket complete the costume. These robes are not While the French Court wore its customary suits of tasteful, judged by the highest laws of dress, because solumn black in memory of the buried Majesty of Belthey make patches of color, insist on rigid outlines gram, the walking dress of the ladies was black poplin, where Nature indicates none, and allow no flowing folds lestooned over short petticoats of the same somber fab- from girdle to hem. But they have that indescrible air ric whose folds no crinoline expanded. Whether this which women call style, and two old dresses can easily tenuity was but a freak which the fantastic melancholy | be made into a fresh and attractive new one. Flounces of the moment prompted, or whether it is another of the except on thin dresses for evening wear, are scarcely seen. The most elegant skirts are very long, and entirely plain. Heavy cord is still sewed around the bot eracle can tell. The highest London authority pro-bonness only narrow and plain skirts "distinguished." where the breadths join. Round waists with bolt, and where the breadths join. Round waists with belt, and costly buckles of fanciful workmanship, are fashiontion, placks the very soul," by announcing that this able. Basques of various shapes, slashed, battlemented change certainly begon in London, and not in Paris, and pointed, and jounty jackets of velvet, silk, cash-Moreover, the wide gored dresses are more popular mere and white alpaca, trimmed with thread lace, are much worn. The sleeves, in all cases, are very small. When the fashions of the Empire perish, it is rumored that in the Egyption costume the Court will cry the King is dead, long live the King." Exactly what that mode may be, an appalled imagination refuses sormise. But one fancies that the present crinoline which is a transcript of the Pyramids, must be an inbuttoned or laced above the ankle, are the proper attire tegral part. Trimmings starrped in hieroglyphics, tri angular buttons, and wide, flat ornuments of gold, are than the large resette so often seen on them, which faintly foretold. Will the fair Eugénie, in her new atmakes the foot look broader, becomes frayed and drag- tire, float down the Seine in a shining barge which burns on the water, and so supply the harmonious background for the gorgeous costume which belongs only to an in dolent, and luxurious age, and a tropical clime? Other-wise, there is no element of congruity between it and our own time, and any part of it introduced among us will be a ridiculous and tawdry sham.

EVENING DECISES

display new and practy fancies. The bertha, time honored and costly, gives place to a floating scarf of tulle, or classic Grecian folds. The ugly peaks, whose longevity threatened to become immortality, have suddenly vanished, and round waists only, with the charm ing and innumerable variations of the Swiss bodice, are de rigueur. Thin dresses are very fashionable. Tarletane, figured and plain, Swiss muslin exquisitely fine, disphaneous tulle, and gauze, are made in a hundred dainty fashions. For the most part, they are worm over an under-skirt of white silk, which obviates the difficulty all modistes and ladies' maids experience in that it has no claim on fashionable regard beyond that making the petticoats of cambric and muslin fall in of a "hitle brief authority." In Paris, the Fanchon, artistic folds beneath the filmy vail. Tarletanes are and baif-square crewnless shapes still hold a place in puffed to the waist, and a tunic of some thick, pale silk evening dress. A very ugly modification of the Em- often enriches the snowy robe. Many women, innately pare, with Marie Stuart point, brim rolled at the ears and luxurions, or foud of display, always select silken attire with ecown like a quart pot, is seen in the windows and for ball or party. It is noticeable this Winter, how It is said that there remains ever, that the highest fashlon insists on a thin, white in and ash, ready to be locaed upon a grouning world, corsage, even with these regal skirts—a decree as sensi-Lew device of the milliners, called the Phrygian, ble as artistic; for the dust of the ball room settles or This specimenty resembles in front the caps worn by the the shoulders, and the hair is too apt to soil the high. True ladics who dispense apples and gingerbread nuts close waist, or perspiration to ruin the sleeves. The said the silvery ellences of Park-row, and, at the back. white bodies are tucked, puffed, or plain, and ornathe heines which Hamles doffs to the vindictive shade, imented with ribbon and lace, in the form of a berthe,

The crown, made very high, is surmounted by a bunch when high, and gathered in folds when low. The of flowers, above which shimmer airy poffs of gauze, from whose dizzy elevation two long streamers fall. When the corsage is low, no sleeves are worn, loops of like Lucifer, never to rise again. The effect of this ex- ribbon finishing the waist at the shoulder. Sashes of traordinary structure is mildly described as "rather silk, or broad ribbon, in long bows at the side, or be

HEADDRESSES ession to that prejudice of society which demands are various. The hair, generally worn in the coil of the that the head be covered out of doors. A lace handker-that the head be covered out of doors. A lace handker-chief would be equally serviceable and much prettier. in front as to afford little room for ornament. The and silver cords, cameo antiques linked with gold, imi-tation pearls, and other grotesque borrors disfigure without flowing ends. Flowers and feathers are worn these atomies and reconcile us to their diminutive size. in the ball-room, but less universally than in former This season witnesses the apotheosie of the bizarre and years. Chains, cameos, and gilded butterflies alight on pretentious. It is the result, perhaps, of our feverish sprays of lace, are seen; and the heavy braid in coro life and sudden wealth, and of the untaught desire for net form appears on heads where it is beautiful, and or beautiful costume; and surroundings, which seeks in heads which it deforms. The manner of arranging the hair must always be a matter of individual concern. There are no canons, because the character of the face and other out-door garments present no novelties. The and the shape of the head are the absolute authority conchron's clonk, with two or three round capes, is from which there is no appeal. We may conceal Naemewhat worn, and is serviceable, as the capes can ture's outlines where they seem faulty, but we cannot be detached, and the garments thus adapted to variable violate them without incurring the reproach of igno-

Finally, the fashions which are distinctively new. preferable shape, because it not only is, but seems so with a few shining exceptions, distinctively bad. Dear asily adjusted, and convenient. A close-fitting gar- ladies who read THE TRIBUNE, and are therefore wise cent with small sleeves requires time and care to ar- than your sex, a month hence we shall ring again at range properly, and therefore belongs only to an your door-bell and drink skal with you in your morning elaborate toilette. Opera-clonks are made in colors, coffee. Till then, most noble friends, think upon this: and almost universally dispense with the pretty, and No novelty is worth the buying which is not in itself venerable heed, displaying in its place long sashes of beautiful, nor is any beautiful thing to be discarded be ich ribbon, or pointed folds of the material edged with cause its fashion is no longer new. Giving heed to this golden rule of costume, your wardrobe will become not only excellent, but economical; and if not clad in the court dress of Fashion, you will at least go draped in the seemliness of Wisdom.

[For The Tribune.

Midnight in Winter. COLD is the beating blast! Wildly it roareth past, Tuning a solemn sound Over the frozen ground.

Chilled are the shoeless feet odding the cheerless street, Home from some tavern-place, Sadly the poor man fares,

Scanty the cloth he wears; Out of both work and pay, He's taking a holiday A month or so of such Wearies him overmuch— Now in the midnight gloom He's treading the path of doem.

Gnawing his very heart. Maddening with the smart-Losing his faith and soul Deep in the drugged bowl.

Troubled the seamstress sleeps-Even in dreams she weeps; Working the livelong day, Hardly she earns her pay:

Long in the dreary night Laboring for a mite, Till her wan eyelids close, Seeking an hour's repose

Slumbering, doth she start, Ill with a broken heart!
Hogging, perhaps, to warm
A baby's wasted form.

Leech-like the starveling yearns. Fretting with many turns, Waking its mother's rest,

Shivering upon her breast. Mountains are in the sky, Hastily rushing by—
Bitterness in their tone
Fresh from the icy zone!
Jan. 1805.
J. F. WEISHAMPEL, Jr.

The Beturn of the Standards.

(Dedicated to His Excellency John A. Andrew.)

BY HORACE BINNEY SARGENT. I.

HARK to the fife and drum!
Look at them! How they come!
Herse and Foot, how they come!
All of them? No! For some—
Some of the best of them— Agrael tested them-Did not come back. Did not come back.
Where are the rest of them,
Some of the youngest,
And bravest, and best of them?
Ask parlor strategists,
Wont to make jest of them! AZRAEL, AZRAEL, AZRAEL tested them! See those pale shadows! Can they be the rest of them! Look at them! Ghosts! Who are riding abreast of them! If you would know them, Some of the best of them, Chosen by Death,
When he made the fierce test of them,
Look through the years
Of the war cagle's track,
Look at the headstones That lie in the track,
All wet with hot tears.
When they did not come back.

Infantry! Cavalry! Flying Artillery ! America, Africa, Come to this revelry Of the State's chivalry! Wake, with your reveille, Musket and brand!

CANNON! Here comes my regiment,— God! what a skeleton! Hardly a peloton, Of the battalions That went from the land!

CANNON! sh! Look at the flanks of them! See those dim ranks of them! Violet banks of them! All the command!
As it loomed in the old time
From fog of Sea Islands
And black whirlwinds of sand.

CANNON!
-Hoofs and wild wings hum; Trumpet drowns fife and drum; ! a storm of hosts, they come! Columns of squadrons! In column, battalions! Shadowy riders On phantoms of stallions! Martinets, dandies,
With tatterdemalions!
Nameless heroes crowd heroes
Of deathless medallions.
Great God! How they push To the front, with a re Boots clinging, spurs stinging, And long scabbards ringing Against the black muzzles Of slung carbines swinging! What a band! Bare sabers in hand— Incarnadined sabers, That redden the hand!

III. Ah! that fierce gathering! Quivering! Quivering! Cloud rack, all feathery, Against the wind shivering! Sabers bend, trembling, In hands of the Dead! Like fog meeting headland, These specters from Deadland, These ghosts of the red-hand, From over the Border, Break ranks in disorder, And melt against shadows Of sunlight and shade.

CANNON.
The startled air quivers; The startled air quivers;
The pageant has fled.
Their presence but seeming!
The soldiers are dreaming,
In the graves where they lie,
That they rise from the dead. Where guidons are streaming, Where trumpets are screaming, And cannon's flash gleaming, And saber points beaming,

The soldiers are dreaming The dreams of the dead. All their effort is seeming, All voiceless their screaming; n uneasy graves dreaming Nightmares of the Dead

IV. CANNON.
Spite of man's blundering,
Long years of wondering,
God's mills keep thundering, Grinding away. Soldiers! Who sneers at them? What coward jeers at them?
The continent cheers at them.
Who are the peers of them?
Tell me this day!
Soldiers; in tattered rags,
Torn as your shattered flags,
Under your heattle rags. Under your battle rags, Glorious blood-spattered flags, Sheltered to-day! As you march up the hill, Men feel their eyelids fill,— Cowards are cowards still, Woman's warm pulses thril,
As the ghosts, mute and still,
Breathe on them icy chill;
And the guns thunder, till All fades away.
Till the century's pageant
Has faded away. Boston, Forefathers' Day, Dec. 22, 1865.

Roston Portraits in French Setting.

[Passages from the last section of a serial, Huit Mois en imérique, by M. Ernst Diversoire on Hauranne, now ap-earing in the Recue des Deux Mondes, and translated for Eoston, November, 1864.

I have not as yet become much acquainted with his works. Among some things, which seem to me a little likewarm and continued the control of the colored of the colored of the colored of the colored citizens; and bending the property of coloring. His form is always rich and ornatch bitm, as is, so to speak, Homeric, and the sign of a true poet. He finds at every step such delicious comparisons, which, though sometimes almost childish, are yet full of simple and series grandear. In his "Evange line" he risked perhaps too much on the unfortunate metry, but it is nevertheless quite comparable of the "The Colored on was distincted by a discreteness of the colored of wars and imaging the grandear. In his "Evange line" he risked perhaps too much on the unfortunate metry, but it is nevertheless quite comparable of the "The Colored on was distracted by the colored man, that there were not more than 10 colored long the port of the tends of the colored down and the large warsh of the colored down and the port of the treatment of the colored down and the port of the treatment of the colored down and the port of the colored man in Colorado man, that there were not more than 7 sales of the poet that of the colored man is that there were not more than 7 sales of the poet that of the colored man is that there were not more than 7 sales of the poet that of the colored man is the treatment of the poet that of the colored with the patitude renays of responsible to the poet to the tends of the colored with the patitude renays of responsible to the poet to the tends of the colored solders of Colorado ever response of the poet to the tends of the colored war with the patitude renays of responsible to the poet to the tends of the colored with the patitude renays of response to the colored with the patitude renays of response to the poet to the tends of the colored with the patitude renays of response to the colored with the patitude renays of response to the colored with the patitude renays of response to the colored with the poet to

eared to take a positive and passionate interest in the ntellectual movements of Europe, and, above all, in

peared to take a positive and passionate interest in the intellectual movements of Europe, and, above all, in those of Parls.

I was invited to dine recently with Mr. Loring, a distinguished lawyer and an excellent man, much respected of all, and an American of the old school, who emptied his first glass of wine to the health of the President of the United States. He related the story of the dent of the United States. He related the story of the firigate Constitution, whose prov., raised on a column, now decorates the Navy Yard. I was subsequently introduced by Mr. Quincy to a weekly gathering of the distinguished men of Boston at the house of Chief-Jus distinguished men of Boston at the house of Chief-Jus House of Representatives, who bears honorably the hame of one of the most ancient Colonial families. He have no deating back to the old Provincial days when his ancestor was Governor, and others to still earlier times of his house, and found its fall of family relace, some dating back to the old Provincial days when his ancestor was Governor, and others to still earlier times of his house, and many the mother country, which he showed to me not without a prearing so, is nevertheless rich in treasures of art, though his may not have a great museum. Among their native painters they count a certain Stewart, a serious, correct painters, but a little dry, though a sufficiently powerfai composur of scenes and contained, and a legitimate follower of the English school. Winthrop presented me to Mr. Though she may not have a great museum. Among their native painters they count a certain Stewart, and contained the proper shade the prope throp's.
I have not yet spoken of Mr. Everett. The other day

Simon Percursion in Franch Striker, Service of the Striker, Striker Striker, St

NOTES FROM THE SCUTH.

Sir: The admirable telegram from Gov. Cam-